

that makes so arrestingly coloured a thread in the tapestry of this section of her life. In him, she felt a tare, an exciting quality—passion intellectual passion³ knew a human being in whom there had taken place a complete release of the duve towards self-expression that agonised her, knew further, one with whom "the political cieved is the whole man." Fascinated and thrilled, she yet saw with singular clearness

"By temperament, he is an enthusiast and a despot. A deep sympathy with the misery and incompleteness of most men's lives, and an earnest desire to light this, transforms political action into a religious crusade, but running alongside this genuine enthusiasm is a passionate desire to crush opposition to his will, a longing to feel his foot on the necks of others, though he would persuade himself that he is right and his adversaries wrong."

So she wrote in January 1884. It is impossible not to connect this with the passages, again from her diary, in which she describes what she calls the "dead point" in her life in that and the following year. Of these years she herself says

"I gather that I saw myself as suffering from divided personality the normal woman seeking personal happiness in love given and taken within the framework of a successful marriage, whilst the other self claimed, in season and out of season, the right to the free activity of a 'clear and analytic mind.' But did the extent of my brain power—I was always asking myself—warrant sacrificing happiness, and even risking a peaceful acceptance of life, through the management of a defiant intellect? For in those days of the customary subordination of the woman

to the man—a condition accentuated in my case by
special
circumstances—it would not have been practicable
to unite the
life of love and the life of reason "

Doubts as to the Tightness of her decision
might still visit
her, but it was made, by 1894 she had chosen
the life of the
"professional brain worker " Moieovei, the
particular